Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our mistris,
So shall I no whit be behind in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shall proue.
Gru. And that his bags shall proue.
Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
Yea and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters I heare no harme.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? what Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope good dayes and long, to see.
Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shall haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lyons rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the Skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,

As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem, *Hortensio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My mind e presumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing what soere.
Gremio. And so we will, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tanio. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And I be sir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: If without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why sir, I Pray you are not the streets as free for me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason I beseech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'l kno.
That she's the choice loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor That she is the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.
Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me patience,
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.